

## Notice of Primary Election.

STATE OF MISSOURI  
COUNTY OF LAFAYETTE—ss.

Office of the County Clerk of Lafayette County, Missouri.  
In accordance with the provisions of Section 5858 R. S. Mo. 1909, notice is hereby given that the following are the offices for which candidates will be voted for in Lafayette County, Missouri, and nominated at the primary election to be held in Missouri the first Tuesday in August (August 4th), 1914.

Senator in Congress from Missouri.  
Judge Supreme Court (Division Number One).

State Superintendent of Public Schools.

Representative in Congress for Seventh District.

Member of the House of Representatives.

Presiding Judge of the County Court.

Judge County Court, Eastern district.

Judge County Court, Western district.

Judge Probate Court.

Clerk Circuit Court.

Clerk County Court.

Recorder of Deeds.

Prosecuting Attorney.

Collector of Revenue.

### CLAY TOWNSHIP.

Two Justices of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### DAVIS TOWNSHIP.

Two Justices of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### DOVER TOWNSHIP.

One Justice of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### FREEDOM TOWNSHIP.

One Justice of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### LEXINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Three Justices of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### MIDDLETON TOWNSHIP.

Two Justices of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### SNI-ABAR TOWNSHIP.

Two Justices of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

### WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Two Justices of the Peace.

One Constable.

One Democratic Committeeman.

One Republican Committeeman.

Given under my hand and official seal, at my office in Lexington, Lafayette County, Missouri, this 12th day of May, 1914.

(SEAL) C. L. GLASSCOCK,  
County Clerk of Lafayette County, Missouri.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Kronsage deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of May, 1914, by the Probate Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the undersigned within six months after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last insertion of this publication they will be forever barred.

This 15th day of May, 1914.  
J. H. CHARLES KRONSHAGE,  
Administrator.

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## "POP" AND EMMETT

By LINCOLN BOISEWATER.

"Pop" Kupfel blew the horn in the orchestra, and, in the intervals when his score prescribed a rest, he would look with eyes full of speechless admiration at Minna Bligh, the famous comedienne, whose serpentine dance had become the hit of the season. It was all right for him to stare, though, because, although he was fat and bald and nearly fifty, Minna was his wife.

Minna had leaped into celebrity after years of fruitless effort. She had toured the states in minor companies—it was said that she had danced in barns before appreciative rustic audiences before Mr. Hamburger, discerning the makings of a sensation in her, had brought her prominently before the public. She was a strikingly pretty woman, perhaps thirty years of age, and what she could have seen in "Pop" Kupfel, the good-natured, child-like German, nobody knew.

Anyway, whenever she appeared, there was Kupfel, blowing his horn and gazing with love-lorn eyes at his distinguished wife.

People prophesied that she would soon find a more congenial partner. But, as a matter of fact, Minna seemed quite affectionate toward "Pop," and they always drove home together in her auto to the little apartment in the fashionable part of Riverside Drive, where they resided.

Only once the curtain had been lifted on Minna's life, and that was during a first night. Some newspaper men were gathered in the front seats, watching Minna's debut in the metropolis. There was no music that night; I mean, during the dance. That was decided upon by Mr. Hamburger afterward.

"I knew her," said the old hand, "ten years ago. Slip of a girl she was then, too. She was a chorus lady in a one-night show down in Harrisburg, where I interviewed her. She had run away from home—usual story—deceived by a man." Here he mentioned the name of the son of a well-known magnate on Wall street. "He cast her off. Then this Kupfel man took pity on her and married her. I guess she's sorry now that she accepted him. Fat old Dutchman, who plays the horn. You must have seen him. And say, I wonder what Emmett thinks now that



Emmett Rose and His Face Grew Purple.

she has grown to be such a stunning woman."

A fat, bald man who was seated behind them, with a rapt stare in his eyes, leaned forward.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "I had always wanted to know the name of that fellow, Emmett. Thank you. My name is Kupfel—Hans Kupfel."

What was there to say to that? There was something in the German's tone which made it seem extremely improbable that Emmett would escape with his life if the two happened to meet.

Now the strange and sinister part of the story is that they did meet. Emmett was as bad as ever, and if his years had added discretion that had only mellowed his vices. On the third night of Minna's appearance I saw him watching her from the box in which he was seated with some flashily dressed women and a couple of fellow "rounders." He stared and stared, and his face grew white. Was this Minna—this the country girl whom he had tricked into a spurious marriage and cast off like a discarded garment as soon as he grew tired of her?

Parentetically I may say that Minna herself told me what I did not see for myself; she told it to me afterward, when we had become friends—Minna and I and "Pop."

He wrote a hasty note and sent it to her by the usher. I did not know then that he had written to her; but I was watching Minna through my glasses, and I saw that when she danced that night for the second time, instead of a smile, her face wore the aspect of tragedy.

And was there anything worse a good woman could experience than to have this wretch come into her life again? That is, if Minna was good. And there are always tongues ready to slander a woman who earns her living on the stage.

As she left the theater Emmett was standing beside her auto. "Pop" Kupfel was lumbering along, a little in front of her. He had no manners. He

just got into the auto and waited for his wife to join him there.

Minna knew the fellow instantly. He put his hand on her arm. "Minna—don't you know me?" he asked.

"Hush!" she answered swiftly.

"That is my husband. Don't let him see you talking to me."

"Aw, say!" burst out Emmett impudently. "That fat man isn't your husband. I'm your husband. Who is he—millionaire or duke?"

"I can't see you now," whispered Minna in agitation.

"When, then?" he asked dully.

"Sunday afternoon." She gave him her address quickly. Then she went on. And Emmett, though he was scowling, had to remain content.

The memory of her, the reflection that he had lost her through his own crowning folly, burned in his brain. But he meant to win her again—this divine woman who had given herself to him, whose life he had wrecked. How easy it would be, he thought, to feign repentance, to tell her he had sought her. . . . His mind was busy during the next three days.

Minna had not said a word to "Pop." Why? Well, I think there is an instinct in the best women to want to test their husbands. I mean that all the advantages of the union, in this case, were on Kupfel's side. Minna had money, beauty, youth, and health, and he was only a bald and fat old Dutchman who had once been kind to her when she was in distress. He had picked her up out of the gutter. And he was her husband. There was something to balance against what she contributed to the marriage, but it was not so much. Perhaps Minna wanted to show her husband what she had given up for him. And perhaps she wanted to see how the two men would act. But I am sure she had no intention of being false to "Pop."

Minna frequently had guests on Sunday afternoons, and "Pop," who shone mainly in more convivial society, always retired on such occasions to the kitchen, where, with his pipe and a bottle of beer, he would sit in his shirt-sleeves, his feet upon the table, reading "Fliegende Blätter" and laughing as heartily over the jokes as though he had never heard a joke before. On this occasion he withdrew as soon as the visitor was announced. Minna had taken care that he should not hear the name—and she had left the connecting door open.

Emmett came in and took a chair beside her.

"Well, Minna," he said, "I never thought to meet you like this, after our parting. Minna, I want to tell you how hard I tried to find you again. I have been madly in love with you ever since."

Minna heard that the rustling of the newspaper had stopped. She wondered what "Pop" was going to do. He must have heard. You see, she had never wholly understood "Pop."

"Who is that fat fellow you've taken up with?" asked Emmett. "Shucks, I thought you had better sense, Minna. Well, I suppose you'll shake him and resume the old partnership with me, won't you?"

There was a noise of heavy pacing boots in the kitchen, but Emmett evidently thought they were in another apartment, for he paid no attention. He put his arm round the dancer.

"I'm going to take you back, Minna," he said. "And this time it's going to last longer," he added.

"Pop! Pop!" called Minna. "Bring Wilhelm in here to show him to Mr. Emmett, will you?"

"Pop" Kupfel came out of the kitchen and into the parlor. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and in his arms he carried a red-faced duplicate of himself, about a year old, and he stood at Minna's side like a fat old soldier.

"This is my son, Mr. Emmett," said Minna. "And this is my husband. You see, now, there are important reasons why I should not resume the old partnership," as you phrased it, with you, aren't there?"

Emmett rose up and his face grew purple. And that was the critical moment. Perhaps Minna, good woman though she was, had at times found "Pop" a little trying and thought regretfully of how much better she could have done if she had not married him. If "Pop" had lost his dignity, now, he would in a way have been found wanting.

But, as Emmett stood there, scowling and sneering, and breathing heavily, "Pop" put down the baby and waddled solemnly up to him.

"I'm sorry my wife can't go mid you to live," he said thickly. "Won't you take an glass beer before you go, Mr. Emmett?"

Emmett's hand was on the door. "What do you mean?" he stammered. "I want to talk mid you," answered "Pop." "I want to find out vy God made a man like you. You must be good for somedings or He wouldn't haf done it."

I think that was the finest tribute any man could have paid his wife. You see, though he was a poor, fat, bald-headed old man, it never entered his head that Minna could be unfaithful to him. And when they were alone and she fell, sobbing, into his arms, his face looked owlish in its solemn mixture of surprise and grief.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Rainfall Resembled Ink.  
In November, 1819, the city of Montreal was enveloped in sudden darkness, and showers fell of what looked like ink. Some of the "ink" was analyzed and was found to be a mixture of rainwater and soot—the latter attributed to great forest fires south of the Ohio river. Strong winds had brought the sooty particles northward to mingle with rain as it fell.

## FEMINIST CARD GAME IS NEW

Philadelphia Social Leader Spends a Small Fortune Designing New Pack of Cards.

At the big reception given by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer at her Philadelphia home, a new card game came into existence. "Women Are Trumps" is the title of the newest pastime and it is related distinctly to the feminist movement in which Mrs. Van Rensselaer is deeply interested.

For the production of the new game a small fortune was expended. Fifty-two cards compose the pack with which it is played, and the designs, skillfully executed, are of infinite meaning. Women at their work are depicted and the ornaments of ancient princesses, the robes of medieval queens and the tablets of a people of early Egypt passed under the scrutiny of craftsmen engaged to produce the cards and incidents in the life of a queen who ruled two thousand years ago were made the basis of some of the game's features.

A pack of cards was provided for each of the eight hundred invited as guests and it is believed the game will spread far and near.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer believes the game cannot be used for gambling.

## MOST APT OF COMPARISONS

Water the Basis of an Extraordinarily Large Number of Figures of Speech.

Probably there is nothing under the sun which is the basis of so large a number of figures of speech as water.

A poor argument "won't hold water," a babler is "a leaky vessel," a half-drunken man is "half-seas over," "fishing in troubled waters" is another name for getting into difficulty; "still waters run deep" is a hint that your quiet and demure person has more in him than the world supposes; if a man is in a bad predicament he is in "hot water," and disappointment is a "wet blanket." Of a rejected suitor it is said that "cold water is thrown on his hopes," the hungry man's "mouth waters," the strengthless are "weak as water," sometimes it "rains" blessings; when an orator begins to be tedious we say he has "run dry," news is always "afloat," speculators are often "swamped," many persons find it impossible to "keep their heads above water," and often we have to acknowledge that we are "all at sea."

## HEZEKIAH AND CANCER CURE.

It is evident that medical science, in its determination to master disease, has found in radium a powerful weapon against cancer, and the call upon the government to retain its radium fields in the West, and the proposition of distinguished physicians to aid the general government in a plan to cheapen the substance and universalize its treatment is beautiful in the extreme. Hezekiah, king of Judah, who lived 700 years B. C., had a growth on his body, which may well have been a cancer, called in the record a boil. It was divine power that wrought the cure, but a material instrument was used in the poultice, the primitive remedy. "And Isaiah said, 'Take a lump of figs.' And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered." (II. Kings 20:7.)—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## STOKERS STUCK TO POSTS.

Four Clyde shipyard employees have been commended by the admiralty authorities for marked heroism in connection with the stranding of the torpedo destroyer Laverock off Skelmorlie, Clyde.

When the destroyer ran ashore her plates ripped, and water rushed into the stokehold. Although the four stokers were ignorant of the extent of the disaster, and it appeared probable that the vessel would sink, they stood at their posts and saved an explosion by cutting off the oil supplies from the boilers.—London Tit-Bits.

## TO MEND AMBER.

To mend amber, warm the surface and dip in linseed oil and bring parts together until they are sticky, then let cool. To remove grease from the finest fabric, one pint of rain water—if the water is hard use borax—one ounce ammonia, one-fourth teaspoonful saltpeter, one-half ounce of shaving soap cut fine; mix all together. Put a pad of cotton or blotting paper under the spot in the garment when rubbing it.

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